

Dead By Gun

"Chaplet"

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Put on your leather jackets
Put on your U.S. Bombs
Drink away the whole night
To these outlaw sounds

All alone seven in the morning
And I'm making my way back home
Like a drug ready to drop
To this curse and gift I'm bound

I'm on my knees
And I pray for forgiveness
Something to believe in
Something to confide in

I go down on my knees
And I pray for someone to hear me
I'm outta tune, I'm all burned out
And this ship is slowly sinking

But still it's strange, sometimes I feel
Like this world has something to give
Something more, something beautiful
Something I never had before

I'm on my knees
And I pray for forgiveness
Something to believe in
Something to confide in

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